THIRST (male)

**A monologue from the play by** [**Eugene O'Neill**](http://www.theatrehistory.com/american/oneill001.html)

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| NOTE: *Thirst* was first published in 1914. It is now a public domain work and may be performed without royalties. |

GENTLEMAN: It was in the salon. You were singing. You were very beautiful. I remember a woman on my right saying: "How pretty she is! I wonder if she is married?" Strange how some idiotic remark like that will stick in one's brain when all else is vague and confused. I was looking at you and wondering what kind of woman you were. You know I had never met you personally--only seen you in my walks around the deck. Then came the crash--that horrible dull crash. We were all thrown forward on the floor of the salon; then screams, oaths, fainting women, the hollow boom of a bulkhead giving way. I vaguely remember rushing to my stateroom and picking up my wallet. It must have been that menu I took instead. Then I was on deck fighting in the midst of the crowd. Somehow I got into a boat--but it was overloaded and was swamped immediately. I swam to another boat. They beat me off with the oars. That boat too was swamped a moment later. And then the gurgling, choking cries of the drowning! Something huge rushed by me in the water, leaving a gleaming trail of phosphorescence. A woman near me with a life belt around her gave a cry of agony and disappeared--then I realized--sharks! I became frenzied with terror. I swam. I beat the water with my hands. The ship had gone down. I swam and swam with but one idea--to put all that horror behind me. I saw something white on the water before me. I clutched it--climbed on it. It was this raft. You and he were on it. I fainted. The whole thing is a horrible nightmare in my brain--but I remember clearly that idiotic remark of the woman in the salon. What pitiful creatures we are!

ANNA CHRISTIE (female)

**A monologue from the** [**play**](http://www.theatrehistory.com/plays/annachristie001.html) **by** [**Eugene O'Neill**](http://www.theatrehistory.com/american/oneill001.html)

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| NOTE: *Anna Christie* was first published in 1920. It is now a public domain work and may be performed without royalties. |

ANNA: *[Trying to keep up her hard, bitter tone, but gradually letting a note of pitiful pleading creep in.]* I s’pose if I tried to tell you I wasn’t—that—no more you’d believe me, wouldn’t you? Yes, you would! And if I told you that yust getting out in this barge, and being on the sea had changed me and made me feel different about things, ’s if all I’d been through wasn’t me and didn’t count and was yust like it never happened—you’d laugh, wouldn’t you? And you’d die laughing sure if I said that meeting you that funny way that night in the fog, and afterwards seeing that you was straight goods stuck on me, had got me to thinking for the first time, and I sized you up as a different kind of man—a sea man as different from the ones on land as water is from mud—and that was why I got stuck on you, too. I wanted to marry you and fool you, but I couldn’t. Don’t you see how I’d changed? I couldn’t marry you with you believing a lie—and I was shamed to tell you the truth—till the both of you forced my hand, and I seen you was the same as all the rest. And now, give me a bawling out and beat it, like I can tell you’re going to. *[She stops, looking at BURKE. He is silent, his face averted, his features beginning to work with fury. She pleads passionately.]* Will you believe it if I tell you that loving you has made me—clean? It’s the straight goods, honest! *[Then as he doesn’t reply—bitterly.]* Like hell you will! You’re like all the rest!

LIVING HOURS (male)

**A monologue from the play by** [**Arthur Schnitzler**](http://www.imagi-nation.com/moonstruck/clsc87.html)

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| NOTE: This translation by Grace Isabel Colbron was first published in Reigen, The Affairs of Anatol and Other Plays. Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Boni & Liveright, Inc., 1917. It is now a public domain work and may be performed without royalties. |

RADEMACHER: You think yourself better than I? My dear friend, you and I are not great men, and in the depths where we belong there is little difference -- in hours like these. All your greatness is sham and pretense. Your fame? Merely a heap of newspaper notices that will be scattered to the winds the day after your death. Your friends? Flatterers who flock to success; envious parasites who clench their fists at you when your back is turned; fools who find you just small enough for their admiration. But you are clever enough to realize all this yourself, at times. I didn't trouble to come here just to tell you that. What I am going to tell you -- it may be despicable of me -- but it's astonishing how little we care whether we are despicable or not when we know we'll have no tomorrow to be ashamed of it in . . . I've come near throwing it in your face a hundred times during the past few years -- whenever we chanced to meet on the street and you were gracious enough to stop for a few words with me. My dear friend, not only do I know you as you are -- and hundreds of others do, too -- but your own beloved wife knows you better than you dream. She realized what you were twenty years ago -- in the prime of your youth and success. Yes, she realized it -- and I knew that she did -- for I was her lover two whole years. Many a time she came to me in disgust at your hollowness, your utter nothingness -- came to me ready to run off with me. But I was poor and she was a coward -- and so she stayed with you -- and deceived you. It was easier that way, for all of us.

LOVE AND INTRIGUE (female)

**A monologue from the play by** [**Friedrich Schiller**](http://www.imagi-nation.com/moonstruck/clsc36.html)

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| NOTE: This anonymous translation was first published in 1909 by George Bell and Sons, London. It is now a public domain work and may be performed without royalties. |

LADY MILFORD: Pray spare me. I would gladly give a jewel in exchange for every hour's respite from such company! I always have my rooms tapestried with these creatures! --Narrow-minded, miserable beings, who are quite shocked if by chance a candid and heart-felt word should escape one's lips!--and stand aghast as though they saw an apparition--Slaves, moved by a single puppet wire, which I can govern as easily as the threads of my embroidery!--What can I have in common with such insipid wretches, whose souls, like their watches, are regulated by machinery? What pleasure can I have in the society of people whose answers to my questions I know beforehand? How can I hold communion with men, who dare not venture on an opinion of their own, lest it should differ from mine! Away with them--I care not to ride a horse that has not spirit enough to champ the bit!